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"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

Suck

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

In the ritual of what is known in this country as the Episcopal Church, there is a supplication to the Almighty to behold and bless His servant, the President of the United States. During the late Civil War, this petition afforded an odd test of loyalty among the members of the Church of England in America. The Copperhead, who had murmured "Amen" to all preceding prayers, at the conclusion of this one shut his teeth and set his heart against asking for a blessing on Abolitionist Abe Lincoln. Earnestly went up the "Amen" from his loyal neighbors; but the Copperhead would none of it. Then came the troublous period after the War, when the Hon. Andrew Johnson had "swung round the circle"; and then it was the turn of the good Republicans to oppose their influence, in a negative way, to the granting of a benediction upon the recreant in the White House.

In the quieter years that followed, these angry political partisans among our church-going folk learned wisdom. To-day it is unlikely that the most virulent of Blainiacs would refuse his assent to a prayer for the spiritual welfare of Mr. Cleveland, President of the United States, Democrat and Civil-Service Reformer though he be, this same Mr. Cleveland. But the lesson thus learned is like many other lessons learned in church—too often forgotten outside the church door. The same narrow, small spirit that twenty years ago made professed Christians go to an un-Christian extreme of partisanship survives still, although its manifestations are less extravagant. There are many people now who cannot understand that a President of the United States, once elected, and installed in his office, is no longer to be regarded as the candidate and representative of a political party; but is to be accepted by the entire people as the executive officer of the government which they themselves have chosen for themselves.

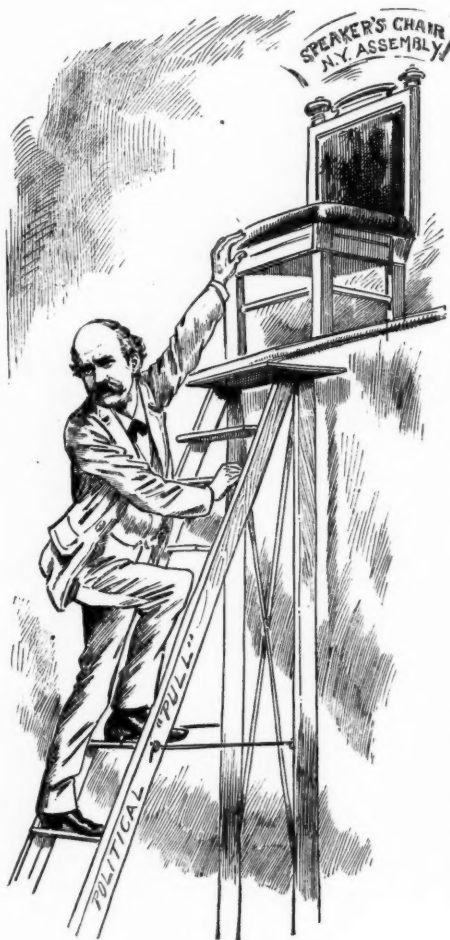
Such people are not without excuse. There have been Presidents enough who have forgotten this great truth. A plain citizen may be pardoned if, after having given himself over to rancor and rage through a whole campaign, he is unable to cultivate a calm and judicial spirit by the 4th of March of the next year. Yet certainly, by the 26th of November, he ought to be able to remember that he is a citizen as well as a member of a political party. Especially

ought he so to do under the administration of a President whose chief claim to popular consideration is his superiority to petty partisanship. Even if he is a regular reader of the New York Tribune, he ought to have strength of mind enough to reach, in eight good months, this modest level of decency and justice. It is not too much to expect of him, even if he believes one-half of what the Tribune says—and it is very hard to imagine that there is any one who believes one-half of what the Tribune says.

Yes, even the excitable citizen with predispositions to Blainism must know by this time that President Cleveland has, so far, conducted himself more like an ideal President than like the blood-stained traitor and ignorant incendiary that the Tribune pictured him. He has checked the aggressions of the land-grabbing cattle-kings of the West; he has adopted a wise and equitable policy in dealing with the Indians; he has done all in his power to bring to punishment the authors of the outrages upon the Chinese laborers of the Pacific Slope; he has laid the foundation for a real American navy; he has considerably refrained from using the mysterious power which the Tribune thinks he possesses to plunge this country into the rack and ruin of Free Trade; he is sound as the soundest business-man on questions of finance, and above all, he has enforced, is enforcing, and will enforce the Civil-Service Reform laws.

A Democrat Grover Cleveland is, and faithful to his party, we suppose, as he has a right to be. But he promised, before he took the Presidential chair, to regard public office as a

THE CLIMB FOR THE SPEAKER-SHIP AT ALBANY.



STEP-LADDER HUSTED AGAIN AHEAD.

public trust, and he has labored hard and bravely to give us the "utmost benefits" of an efficient, economical, non-partisan civil-service. And when a poor despised Democrat, placed in a position of arbitrary power, (we speak after study of the N. Y. Tribune,) can forget to be a partisan, it is time for even the most thoroughgoing of his Republican fellow-citizens to go at least as far in generosity and good will. And if the beautiful influences which even the Tribune will admit ought to emanate from this sacred season have power to touch those sore yet sincere citizens who voted on the losing side last year, and to move them to giving cordial and earnest support to the man who is no longer the candidate for the Presidency, but the President indeed, doing all that in him lies to govern the nation honestly and wisely—why, it will be a day of Thanksgiving truly worthy of the name, to all who love their country.

The professional "agitators" have at present but one panacea for the wrongs of the workingman. This is "boycotting." If a manufacturer reduces salaries or employs non-union men—boycott him. Refuse to buy his goods, and don't let anybody else buy his goods. Enlist the entire populace in the work of ruining him—unless he accedes to your demands. Such is their advice. It is very pretty; but it must sooner or later bring the workingman into the courts of law, where it must be decided whether or no it is legal thus to combine to injure the business of others. Every one who really cares to see workingmen prosper will hope that before this point is reached the laborer will begin to understand that if he takes up the sword of violence he runs the risk of perishing by that same sword; that if he cripples his employer's business he cripples the employer's power of giving employment, and that if he causes a reign of terror among capitalists, he only drives out of active use the money that pays for his own bread-and-butter.

The proceedings of Senator Gibbs's Investigating Committee have been productive of much innocent amusement to the tax-payer of this city. He has had the keen joy of seeing the men whose salaries he pays, and of hearing from their own lips what they do to earn their money. He must have been pleased to hear their earnest professions of interest in his welfare, and to learn how hard they work. He may not have fully understood their explanations; but he cannot but have admired their fluency and their ingenuity. He has also been made acquainted with their clerks, and with their clerks' clerks. And he has at last got a satisfactory explanation of something that had ever before been a deep and gloom-en-shrouded mystery—the ability of the tax-rate to climb up between 2 and 3%, and stay there. For all this he has to thank Senator Gibbs, who should be deeply gratified at having been of so much use to his fellow-citizens. It should, furthermore, be a pleasing reflection to Mr. Gibbs that whatever turmoil he may stir up in political circles, and especially in his own district, Mr. Thomas C. Dunham, he pays the freight.

THE leaflets of autumn no more are parading
And blowing around in the breeze,
Buckwheat-cakes and fresh pork now the house
are invading,
And also the luscious head-cheese.

Hurrah for the winter, the jolly old winter,
That freezes the pond 'neath the duck,
Hurrah for the publisher, editor, printer
And seller of PICKINGS FROM PUCK—
Hurrah! Hurrah!! Price, twenty-five cents.

THE TURKEY'S THANKSGIVING.



It was one year ago this Thanksgiving Day. One year is not a long time to a man—indeed, it is too often a very short time, especially when it is looked back upon; but to the little brown turkey, fat and sleek, who was shut in from the world behind the freckled shell of a turkey-egg only one year ago, it was a very long time—almost an age, in fact. The turkey was laid in a straw-stack in the farther end of the big field back of the barn. In the side of this stack, so high up that it could look over the hat of the tallest man, the shrewd old mother turkey hollowed out her nest. Within its cosy sides she deposited an even dozen freckled eggs, and there she patiently sat five long weeks, warming the eggs into life. It was on Thanksgiving Day one year ago that the last one of the eggs cracked its shell, and from within peeked out the subject of this sketch—as round, as downy, as bright-eyed and inquisitive a turkey-chick as ever looked out of a shell upon this great, wide, selfish, hungry world of ours.

The early life of a turkey-chick is not an eventful one. Its world is hemmed in by the rail-fence which incloses the barn-yard, and until its wings are strong enough to carry its owner over these confines into the pasture beyond and up to the lower limb of the old apple-tree, where its elders nightly roost, it has little opportunity for mental improvement, if, indeed, it has that ambition. Civilization, we regret to say, has not advanced far enough at the present age to provide Kindergartens for infant turkeys, and so this friend of ours reached the balmy days of early spring without an idea in its little noddle other than filling its little gullet with the fattest worms and the biggest grains of corn as often as it had a chance. By this time, however, its angular frame—and all turkeys are angular, we may remark, as every amateur carver has observed, at some time or another, to his discomfiture—had filled out into something like proportions, and its scrawny wings had covered themselves with feathers broad and long, until at last it took its place among the elders, very much as boys drift into manhood, acquire moustaches and a right to vote—quite as a matter of course.

As spring passed into summer, this turkey of ours began to take notice of its surroundings. It learned to know the gray-haired old farmer who owned the place from the tall and broad-shouldered hired-man, and the bent and angular farmer's wife from her pretty, plump, red-cheeked daughter. It knew the latter particularly well, because it was she who fed it when it was too young to feed itself. It liked her, too, did this friend of ours—for gratitude is not alone confined to children and story-books—and when a handsome young man from the city chanced to come that way one day, and rent a room in the old farm-house for a week, while he fished the neighboring streams, it noticed that, too. This, however, was not all that was noticed by our observing little friend. It noticed that the young man from the city paid much more attention to the pretty daughter than he did to the fishing, and that she, in turn, gave him more of her time than she did the turkeys. When this week was over, another one was begun, and

another and yet another, until September found the young city-man still at the farm-house, and the friendship between the young couple had grown with each day. So our little friend was not surprised, one pleasant evening, to hear from its perch on the lower limb of the old apple-tree a conversation which was not intended even for a turkey's ears. Under the tree, close to its rugged bark, was a rustic seat. On this seat were the lovers, for such they had grown to be.

"Mary," said the city-man: "shall I speak to your father?"

"Yes, dear," replied the pretty daughter.

"When?"

"Whenever you please."

It is true that this was not much to hear; but, such as it was, it gave our tender-hearted turkey a strange feeling of pain, in the expression of which it made such a commotion that further conversation was at an end.

The next day our friend confided its suspicions to a shrewd old turkey-cock—a patriarchal fowl—who listened to the tale with grave interest.

"What does it mean?" asked the turkey.

"It means," replied the cock, significantly: "that we had better make ourselves scarce for awhile, particularly the plumpest of us. I know what weddings are, and feasting, and I do not propose to contribute to their pleasure. Not I."

But our unsuspecting friend remained on the tree, and, fortunately for its safety, the wedding which followed within a month occurred in the morning at the church, and the couple started directly for their new house in the city. So there was no wedding-feast that time.

After the wedding, life on the farm was extremely dull. You have no idea how the barn-yard residents missed the pretty bride. It was as if they had lost both parents at a single stroke. But they got over it at last, and by the time Thanksgiving approached they had quite regained their whilom cheerfulness. It was three days before Thanksgiving—just two days ago—that our little friend, who had grown quite corpulent, having taken to feeding as a means of forgetting its bereavement, was perched upon the lower limb of its favorite apple-tree. The night was dark, but not unpleasant, and our friend felt in a mood for reminiscences.

"Ah!" it observed to the old turkey-cock, who was roosting by its side: "I wonder how pretty Mary is getting along in her city home?"

"Well enough," replied the old cock, who, it must be confessed, was tough in feelings as well as in body.

"How I should like to see her! She would be glad to see me, too."

"She may," returned the cock, sagely, as he prepared to fly to the topmost branch of the tree: "she may see you before you expect her to."

"Do you think so?" returned the turkey, enthusiastically.

"I shouldn't be surprised," replied the cock, with a very suggestive wink, and with a hop, skip and a flop it was soon safely perched on the very highest branch of the tree. But this romantic, grateful little friend of ours remained where it was, and, as its eyes closed in sleep, it dreamed that it was in the city visiting Mary, and that she was so glad to see it that she made a dinner-party for its especial benefit.

The next morning the farmer remarked:

"Here is that fat little turkey Mary used to like so well. She will enjoy eating it."

"Yes, indeed," replied the good wife.

So our little friend was stripped of its feathers, filled with sage, and packed into a square box with some red apples, a jug of real cider, and some mince-pies.

Thus its dream was fulfilled, and Mary's dinner-party for its especial benefit comes off to-morrow afternoon. BENJAMIN NORTHROP.

Puckerings.



You were too fair—
The auburn glory of your hair—
The rosy lips that parted over teeth
Like pearls beneath—
The blue and tender heaven of your eyes—
The skin more fair than lily-cup that lies
On the still lakelet's breast—
The rounded form in dainty raiment drest—
Showing one modest glimpse of bosom bare—
Were all too fair.
And that is why, O lovely chambermaid,
You have not staid—
The landlady has requested you to go—
We feared you were too fair—she, too, thought so.

A SOUTHERN EXPOSURE—The History of the '76 Fraud.

HARTFORD HAS a firm known as Bull, Lamb & Co. Strange as it may seem, this is a stove concern, and not a firm of brokers.

THE KING OF DAHOMEY has three thousand five hundred wives. In Africa, the punishment of polygamy is left to the conscience.

AN OIL-PAINTING of a government clerk at work is attracting great attention in Washington. It is called "A Study from Still Life."

A YOUNG LITERARY man in Portland recently had the fingers of his right hand cut off at the first joint. He will now write his stories in short-hand.

A SAN FRANCISCO paper is taking a frightful revenge upon its delinquent subscribers. It publishes their portraits under the title, "Men of the Hour."

THE CHINESE language is taught in an Eastern college. This is a move in the right direction. A man who understands Chinese can always see that his laundryman doesn't cheat him in his bill.

A NEW ORGANIZATION, formed by farmers, will deliver to city people fresh eggs, each bearing the name of the producer and the date it was laid. Now we shall have a fresh illustration of the proverbial untruthfulness of figures.

"STONE WALLS do not a prison make," says, or, rather, sings Sir Richard Lovelace. You are quite right, Sir Dick, you are quite right; they don't. If they did, how would the small boy ever get out of the apple-orchard uncaught, when chased by the shouting farmer?

THE DOCTOR who tells you it will do you good to stand outside on a ferry-boat, will also tell you that you should button your coat up. In other words, you button your coat to protect your lungs against the very air that you inhale for their benefit. Because you know that the air that cannot hurt your lungs when inhaled might hurt them through your chest. According to this theory, the more coats you button, the more injurious the result should be. Throw doctors to the canines!

A LESSON FROM THE SEA.

The total depravity of inanimate things has been a fruitful theme to a large class of humorists. It has been generally conceded that inanimate things are depraved, and instances of tables that refused to tip under the ghostly ministrations of mediums, of kites that refused to ascend, and of flying-machines that displayed a reprehensible affection for the laws of gravitation are almost as numerous as scientific persons are on Long Island. But the universal belief in this unhappy state of things inanimate has received a severe shock.

The United States steamer *Powhatan* recently ran ashore when there was no pilot on board. The old ship, left to indulge the exercise of her own sweet will, promptly turned her nose toward the nearest land, and sought the peace and comfort of a lasting rest. And, to make the tale complete, it appears that alleged thinking men have combined their wits for the purpose of dragging her off the shore and sending her forth once more upon the weary waste of waters. The spectacle of a United States naval vessel left to stagger blindly through the yeasty waves without a pilot, and at once showing the workings within her of a something greater and subtler than mere instinct by seeking the only place where a United States naval vessel is safe, is at once beautiful and touching. But to behold men, who proudly lay claim to the possession of the sense and thinking power denied to wood and iron, obstinately endeavoring to force the unhappy vessel once more into an element for which she and her sisters know they are unfit, is a spectacle full of sadness too deep for tears.

Wisdom such as the *Powhatan* has displayed should not be its own sole reward. Whether it be that knowledge has come to the *Powhatan* with years, or that Neptune, regarding her as

an old friend, has lifted for her the veil of the future and shown her whole families of "pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down their costly" United States men-of-war, will probably never be known. The vessel will never tell her tale, but let concealment, like the numerous worms and barnacles, prey upon her ancient keel. But, doubtless, other vessels in the navy have as much sense as the *Powhatan*, and, if they could do as they pleased, would follow her pathetic example.

These briny veterans should be thought of. There are homes for aged soldiers and sailors. Why should there not be refuges for veteran ships? As it is, they are heartlessly assigned to a damp bed in the slime of some navy-yard, where their aged frames are racked by rheumatic pains, and they sink in silent agony to their final rest. How much more beautiful it would be to see United States naval vessels, which have such a deep sense of their unfitness for the unkind sea, hauled carefully up on a nice dry beach, where the sun could warm and cheer their old bones, and they could go to pieces in serenity and comfort.

A CHESTNUT RE-ROASTED.

One day a flash of lightning struck a mortal—
The ghost he did n't yield—
Above his heart, and in his bosom-pocket
A Bible was his shield.

A marvelous deliverance, and worthy
Of any poet's rhyme;
But just suppose that mortal had been reading
His Bible at the time.

A DISPATCH SAYS: "A. M. Keiley intends to come to New York to live." To live? This is a little early for resurrection-day, isn't it?

THE BOY AND THE BULL-DOG.

Once upon a time a certain little boy Observed his sister curling her hair around a hot poker, and When he saw her golden ringlets twist up like Georgia pine shavings, what he considered an over-bright Idea struck Him.

"The folks next door say their pug is Better than our bull-dog, because its tail curls over its back so tight. I'll just curl the bull-dog's tail Now, and run him up and down in front of their house, and make them feel Mean."

So he called the Dog, and heated the poker until it was almost red, in order to get a Good curl. Grasping the dog's tail, he quickly Wound it around the Poker; but it was not wound Around the poker half as quickly as the dog was wound around the boy. He picked him up by the Small of his back, and shook him out of his Clothes, and left nothing on him But his freckles and a look of terror. The boy was Then obliged to lie in bed until his father could Afford to get him a new suit of clothes, which was a month Later.

The Moral of this little fable teaches us Two Things; first, that bright, original ideas are dangerous In the hands of people who don't know how to Use them, and, second, that when we experiment with a bull-dog, we should Muzzle him before beginning.

AS IT is now becoming a little too cool for bar-tenders to appear, professionally, in the light and breezy white-duck jackets used during the reign of the sherry-cobbler and mint-julep, it will, no doubt, fill their sensitive souls with glee to know that for the paltry price of eleven dollars, according to a picturesque advertisement, they can have a warranted-to-fit-and-wear cork-screw coat.

A LETTER TO SITTING BULL.

SCOTT WAY SUGGESTS A COMBINATION LECTURE TOUR TO THE SEDENTARY OLD SIOUX.

I see by the papers that you have withdrawn from the gaze of an inquisitive public, and have declared your intentions to retire to private life. Allow me to congratulate you, friend of mine, for private life is sweet, to those who can afford it. I am now enjoying some private life myself, and will continue to do it whilst the grocer is mute. I no longer try to sway a great people with a column of leaded long-primer once a week, and you are no more to stand up to be gazed on at fifty cents per gaze. You can probably sit in private life longer than I can, because the government will whack up some rations and a pair of army-trousers for you now and then, while it would turn away from me with cold and haughty air if I should plead for some rations and army-trousers; but I will hold out with you in private life just as long as I can get an occasional meal, and keep the inclement atmosphere from crawling through my system.

A private life will be sweet to you, friend of mine. I almost envy you when I think how you can put on your new number eleven stove-pipe hat, and sit and brood in silence over the dead past. I might say "the past dead," but I would not have you love me less. And you have so much dead past to think about. Your life has been so full of experiences—such an aggregation of events—such a wild pyrotechnic poem, while mine has been so plain and bare and unsatisfying. Probably you have been able to kill fifty men who have hitched puns to your name, while I have not the scalp of a single confirmed punster at my girdle. You have so much more to fill your life with joy than I.

In case we should find private life irksome, and should have to hustle out into the cold and selfish world once again, friend of mine, I have a

little scheme I want you to consider. I would propose that we join each other in a grand lecturing tour of the country, dividing the work between us in an equitable sort of way. For instance, I would act as treasurer, and you could stand at the inner door and receive the tickets and scalp the would-be bald-heads. Then we could go on the platform alternately, you leading off with ten minutes of humor, and I following with something full of woe and pathos—something extremely tear-starting.

The double-headed lecture combination is all the rage just now, and I believe that you and I, dear Sit, could give any audience the full worth of its money. It is quite plain to me that the Sioux school of humor would strike an intelligent audience in a brand-new place, and fill them full of strange and thrilling sensations. I am not familiar with the Indian school of humor myself, but I have heard that it is painfully funny—so funny that it has often caused a high death-rate. I would

therefore advise, if you decide to join me in this proposed intellectual tour, that you do not at first be quite as funny as you can be.

If we should find, after the performance has begun, that there is danger of fatal results, either to the audience or to ourselves, I will let you ramble on for awhile in your own peculiar facetious way, whilst I steal out at the back door and meet you later a few miles up the railroad-track.

In case you suffer with *ennui*, as you sit in private life brooding o'er your eventful past, do not forget this my proposition, dear old friend of mine, and if you decide to join me for a grand intellectual tour for fame and pelf, address me in care of PUCK.

SCOTT WAY.



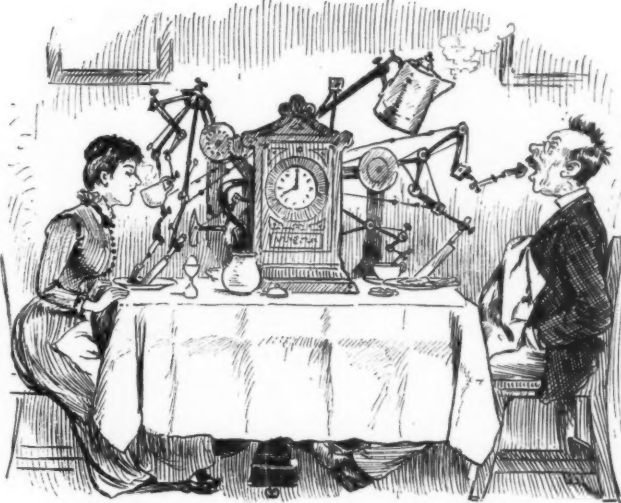
EDISON OUTDONE.

Cornelius Hughes, of Ninth Avenue, has invented an appliance which, when attached to an ordinary clock, lights his fire on cold winter mornings, and, when the room is sufficiently warm, sounds the alarm, to awake him.—*New York Tribune*.

HERE ARE SOME MORE INVENTIONS WHICH CORNELIUS WILL, WITHOUT DOUBT, SOON PERFECT.



He will be shaved by clock-work.



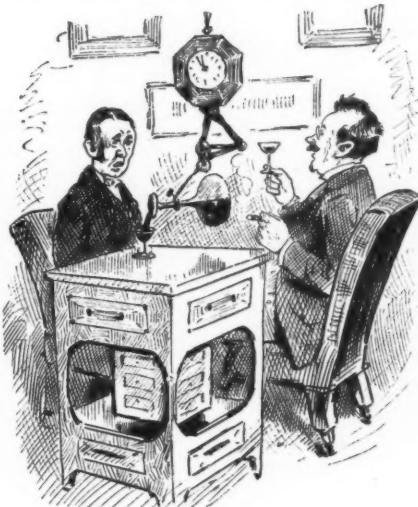
He will eat his breakfast with clock-work and comfort.



Clock-work will polish his shoes.



His baby will be washed by clock-work.



When he entertains a friend, clock-work will pass the ruby wine.



And when his mother-in-law visits him, he will give her a cordial welcome—by clock-work.

THE CONTRARY SHUTTERS.

When you want to have a good hour's reading, and sit down in your room for that purpose, it seems strange that the wind will persist in blowing the blinds shut and darkening the room. You open them again, and they are slammed back in your face. Once more you open them, and they flap back on your fingers with all the vigorous snap of a hay-cutter, and you conclude that if Fate is against you, you will cave in and accept the dark room.

If the room is too dark for you to read in, it is not too dark to sleep in. So you lie down on the lounge, and compose yourself for a sweet refreshing nap. No sooner do you close your eyes than the wind changes, and bang go the blinds open against the house, like the wings of a spread eagle. The room is as light as day. You want to sleep, now, so you arise and count what fingers you have left, to see if you have a sufficient number to close the blinds with. You think you are properly fixed to make the attempt, so you close both shutters.

Before you get the window down, bang they go open. Then you get one securely closed, and just as you are about to fasten the other to the catch on the window-sill, the first one shoots out and lands against the house with sufficient violence to knock down pictures and loosen

the wall-paper. Then you get both shutters in your hands, and draw them in together. When they are almost closed, and you feel that you are full of victory, they shoot out of your hands like two birds, and almost jerk you off your feet and over the sill.

After this you lie on the lounge with your book. When the shutters persist in remaining closed you sleep, and when they stay wide open you read. Then you can feel that you have gained a victory over Fate and the contrariety of window-shutters.

PUBLISHERS' TRADE DESCANT.

Upon the Lea the Shepard wakes,
To eat his Dilling ham,
All full of Ginn, upon the Heath,
Welford can be the dam,
O'er the Dodd Mead he wanders free,
And hears with joyous mien
The merry Houghton Mifflin' loud—
The Harper's tambourine.

His colly Funk is Wagnall right
In Crowell glee his tail;
His Estes Lauriat he swings—
It catches Holt a rail.
He seeks his mules, and Putnam up
He Cupples Upham not—
But shakes his Haffelfinger as
He seeks his Lippin cott.

CURRENT COMMENT.

OUR E. C., the *Sun*, has a column headed, "New Things in the Plays." In most of the plays that are produced in these degenerate times, a little good acting and fewer furniture effects would be hailed with delight, and universally regarded as being worthy of coming under the head of "New from Newville."

F. MARION HAS just published a book called "The Wonders of Optics." We should like very much to see this work, to find out why it is that a man seldom sees an intimate friend on the street, and never misses an enemy or an objectionable person that he doesn't care to meet.

WE DO NOT know the details of the ancient method of casting out devils. You can learn all you want to know of the manner of casting out devils, to-day, by applying to the foreman of any composing-room.

IF YOU can't raise the necessary funds to purchase an overcoat, why, go without one and keep in the fashionable thoroughfares, because "it's English, you know."

IN A FLOURISHING CONDITION—The Writing-Master.

THE EXCISE LAW* MUST BE ENFORCED.



MAGICIAN.—“Ladies and gentlemen, will you please name the sort of liquor you desire me to produce from this magic-bottle—brandy, whiskey, rum, gin, or sherry wine?”

RECENTLY-APPOINTED POLICEMAN (*on duty at the entertainment*).—“Hould on—before ye perduce annything of the kind out of that, ye’ll perduce yer license, or ye’ll shleep in the station-house this night, d’ye mind!”

* SEC. 2.010. It shall not be lawful to sell or furnish any wine, beer, or strong or spirituous liquors to any person in the auditorium or lobbies of any place of exhibition or performance.

GREAT SCOTT!

The stag at eve had drunk its fill,
The cows had all been fed,
When danced the moon on Monan’s rill,
Behind the stable red;
And deep its midnight lair had made
The Tom-cat in the woodbine shade.

But when the sun his beacon red
Let fly at six serene—
Had kindled on Benvoirlich’s Head
The fire with kerosene—
The deep-mouthed blood-hound’s heavy bay
Told Scott came home at break of day.

And faint from further distance borne
Came “biled” Sir Walter’s cries—
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn,
Mixed up with oily lies.
And if this does n’t take the cake,
Why, read “The Lady of the Lake.”

SOME DEADLY PARALLELS.

A new and interesting amusement for readers of fiction has just been inaugurated with Mr. Brander Matthews’s latest romance, “The Last Meeting.” This amusement consists in taking the author’s types of character and fitting them upon the reader’s acquaintances, and, if possible, getting these misfits into a newspaper. The novelty of this amusement does not, of course, consist in drawing a parallel between a writer’s creations and living men and women; but in the new process of proclaiming such fanciful discoveries from the house-tops, which is just about as cheerful for the author as for persons whose characteristics he may have happened to portray.

But, in pursuing investigations of this nature, a prominent literary sharp—if we may be allowed to be modern at the expense of rhetorical conservatism—has discovered that several recent novels bear the distinct impress of caricature, and that all that is necessary to the discovery of secrets of actual life in these works of

fiction is simply to obtain the key, when the whole cipher at once becomes intelligible.

As an instance, Anstey’s farcical romance, “The Tinted Venus,” is mentioned. As soon as we obtain the clue that the revived statue of Venus is intended to represent our esteemed fellow-citizen, Cyrus W. Field, the entire story becomes plain. The author has attempted to disguise the identity of Mr. Field by changing his sex, and transporting him to Rosherwich Gardens, in the suburbs of London, though every sincere American knows that Mr. Field would not condescend to visit so plebeian a resort, when the gates of Hyde Park are yawning for him, and haughty British aristocrats are constantly sending him notes of invitation to the Coney Island gaieties of Kew. We might as well, of course, expect to find Mr. Field at a ball of the Michael Flynn Chowder Club, at Jones’s Wood, as standing on a pedestal in Rosherwich Gardens, as he is represented by Anstey; but this shallow artifice will not suffice to throw the really intelligent reader off the track.

We ask Anstey’s American readers to note with what fidelity to nature the author has painted Miss Matilda, the *fiancée* of Leander Tweddle, the barber, as Jay Gould, attempting, as in Mr. Field’s case, to disguise his identity by changing his sex. Of course, the dullest intellect at once realizes that Leander represents the Metropolitan Elevated Railroad, and we can then easily recognize that Braddle and the Count are none others than Charles D. Keys and Cuthbert Mills, of the *Wall Street Daily News*. It is a pretty fancy of the author—as we find in Chapter IX. of the book—that the Celebrated Railroad, upon Mr. Field’s return from his frolics with the nobility of England, should welcome his presence with demonstrations of satisfaction; and we see the pathetic despair of a noble mind in the reply of the Venus, otherwise Mr. Field, as follows:

“And you have grieved,” she said, almost tenderly: “You welcome my return with joy! Know, then, Leander, that I myself feel pleasure in returning, even to such

a roof as this; for little gladness have I had from my wanderings. Upon no altar did I see my name shine, nor the perfumed flames flicker; the Lydian measures were silent and the praise of Cytherea. And everywhere I went I found the same senseless troubled haste, and pale, mean faces of men, and squalor and tumult; grace and joyousness have fled—even from your revelry.

“Judge me not by this marble exterior, cunningly wrought though it be. Charms are mine, more dazzling than any your imagination can picture.”

In following out these parallels, we find the prophecy that Matilda (otherwise Jay Gould) finally obtains Leander (the Celebrated Road) exclusively, and the tinted Venus (otherwise Mr. Field) is left out in the cold. Of course, there are persons who will state that the fact that Mr. Anstey has never been in America, and presumably knows nothing of the schemes of American financiers, precludes the possibility of his having had Mr. Gould and Mr. Field in mind when he wrote “The Tinted Venus”; but such shallow reasoners should be received with the contempt their sophistry deserves.

“The Rise of Silas Lapham” is an even more marked instance. Howells, as will be seen at once, has taken Jacob Sharp and named him Silas Lapham, and the Mineral Paint business is but a thin disguise for the Broadway Street Railroad scheme. It will strike the observant reader instantly that Milton K. Rogers is a car-horse, and that Penelope and Irene Lapham are respectively the Bleecker Street railroad and Mr. Lawson N. Fuller. The consequence is that young Corey becomes the martyr-poet Squire, and Mrs. Lapham may be readily distinguished as a disguise for Judge Van Brunt, of the Supreme Court. Hypercritical hairsplitters maintain that, because Howells’s book was written a year or two before Mr. Sharp’s Broadway scheme was made public, the parallel cannot be logically drawn; but their arguments are too frivolous to merit serious consideration.

F. MARSHALL WHITE.

TWO DREAMS.

Up and down the wash-board
Flies the laborer’s wife,
That’s her only dash-board
In the ride of life;
But she works and dreams of him
Who’ll return with evening dim.

Up and down the ladder
Flies her King of Micks,
A bright dream makes him gladder
And lighter makes the bricks;
He’s dreaming of the hour he’ll steal
Homeward for his evening meal.

THE MAN whose love of charity led him to present the city with a public drinking-fountain, is not getting so many good notices from dusty and thirsty humanity as he did a couple of months ago.

A BATH-ROBE, gentle Eulalie, is a robe worn to the bath-room, just as a buffalo-robe is a robe worn while hunting buffalos.

TICK, TICK.

(After Colonel Joyce)

Tick, tick, the town-clock runs,
Tick, tick, the brooklet flows,
Tick, tick, the telegraph works,
Tick, tick, the cricket goes.

Tick, tick, the rain comes down,
Tick, tick, cheap watches don’t,
Tick, tick, the parson falls,
Tick, tick, the grocer won’t.

A WOMAN'S PATIENCE.

A woman who has the patience to make a crazy-quilt composed of eight million nine hundred and sixty-seven thousand nine hundred and forty-seven pieces of silk, and, after finishing it, embroider on it about as many more objects, consisting of lutes, birds, roses, stars, vines, guitars, wine-glasses, and everything else that she considers a capricious fantasy, might be justly said to be fit to yoke up with a man endowed with the patience of half-a-dozen Jobs. But, strange as it may seem, the great crazy-quilt performance is not a sure indication of absolute patience.

There are many small trifling things that show this same woman to be anything but patient. Just let a mysterious box come to the house during the day for her husband—just a trifling little three-by-two box that she didn't know was coming—and she will simply die to know the nature of the contents. After getting all the information possible out of the expressman, she will prance up and down the hall eyeing the case, and trying to satisfy herself whether it is a glassware box, a dry-goods box, or a grocer's box. She will turn it over and over on the floor and in her mind, and the more she can't satisfy herself what it is, the less patient she becomes. She knows her husband will be home in a few hours, and then she will know all; but she cannot wait.

In her great despair she taps the box with the carving-fork, and breaks the prongs trying to pry the cover up just far enough to enable her to look through and find out whether the internals are packed in cotton or straw. It is a terrible and trying time. At the bedside of a dying person both near and dear she couldn't display greater anxiety. Her first and only infant playing on the railroad-track, with an unlimited express coming at the rate of a mile a minute, could not fill her countenance with a more pathetic expression of distress. She sits down and looks at it, and wrings her hands, and calls her husband a real mean old thing, and various other names, for not telling her it was coming and what it was. Just like a man, she thinks, to do such a thing.

The dog comes in, and in skirmishing around notices the box. He immediately begins to smell it as industriously as the woman gazes at it. Then he looks up at her, and then back at the box. This drives her almost deranged. She thinks the dog has scented the contents of the box, and looks at her in a vain endeavor to tell her how happy or how disappointed she will be when it is opened. He goes through this act repeatedly, and then runs out on the lawn, where other dogs congregate around him. The tears fairly pour down her cheeks as she looks out, satisfied that the dog not only knows

what's in the box, but is actually spreading the information broadcast among his associates. Her feelings are not improved by the fact that the dogs are all perfectly indifferent on the subject which thrills her to the very core.

Then the box is hefted by the servant, who increases the mystery by mentioning that it might contain a hundred different things, according to the weight. In a fit of despair she throws herself on the couch, and thinks and thinks and thinks as only a woman can think. Then she descends to the hall, and looks over every inch of the box again and again, in a vain search for a trade-mark or some other clue.

Finally she can contain herself no longer. Her husband will be home from the city in half-an-hour. But half-an-hour, in such a case, is eternity. In her ill-humor she imagines the dinner is burned, and refuses to allow the cook to go out that night. Then she puts on her things, runs around to the station, and waits breathlessly for the train that will bring her lord and a solution of the awful, soul-stirring mystery.

"FARMERS SELDOM fail," observes an agricultural paper. Did our esteemed contemporary ever observe a farmer try to make money out of a patent right?

THE BRICKBAT.

Out on the telegraph-pole a little cock-sparrow is sitting,
Chirping away in the sun, and feeling uncommonly happy,
When up steps a wicked small boy, who holds in his right hand
a brickbat,

And, taking deliberate aim, lets it fly at the innocent minstrel.

As swift as a sky-rocket darts to the sky when its caudal is lighted,
As swift as a meteor skims o'er the bosom of heaven in summer,
That brick through the silent air curves along; but it hits not the
sparrow,

But over the telegraph-pole goes crashing through Barbary's window.

Soon Barbary comes to the door, and, observing a small boy cavorting
For all he is worth down the pike, at a glance sees the whole situation,
And picks up a pole and flies and grabs that small boy by the ringlets,
And the pole can be heard for miles as it falls on the miscreant's jacket.

Not soon will that little boy hurl a brickbat near any one's window,
Because 'twill be more than a month before he'll be able to amble,
And the cock-sparrow sings in his mirth, as he thinks of the little
adventure:

"I'll bet there's another one now who's eternally down on the sparrow."

Answers for the Anxious.

F. F. V.—You have doubtless produced a very beautiful work of literary art; but we don't care much for a humorous poem that has nothing but its pathos to recommend it.

JEROME JORKINS.—It isn't much good as an Autumn Poem; but if you can somehow patch it up and hammer it into a Winter Idyll, we'll put it in the refrigerator and try to use it in January or February.

SACHET.—The first chilly snow-flakes of the inclement season are upon us. The trees are leafless. Ice coats the sluggish ponds. There are no birds in last year's nests. Why should you select this particular time to add to the world's great heritage of gloom?

YOSEMITE JIM.—No, we shan't return your manuscript. We shall keep it to protect ourselves with. If you ever threaten us with another, we shall send that first one to the vigilance committee of your district, and the subsequent proceedings will be on, or about two inches under, your own head.

ONCE a merry bumble-bee
Said "Good-morning" in the lea
To another golden bumble,
Across whom he chanced to tumble.

Said the other bumble-bee:
"Il fait beau temps aujourd'hui,"
Each word murmured in italic:
"Je suis Galliv—je suis Gallic."

Then the Yankee bumble-bee:
"None of your French lugs with me;
I'm a Yankee from Skowhegan,
And my name is Michael Regan."

Then a pitched battle commenced, and lasted, with great vigor, until the combatants were frightened away by a boy who came along shouting:

"Here you are, PICKINGS FROM PUCK!"
Of all newsdealers, (Second Crop,) twenty-five cents.—Adv.*

* Always Delightfully Vivacious.

The Days of Blue Laws and Miracles are Past.



JOSHUA CROSBY.—"I command the Sun, the World, the Star, and all the other daily papers to stand still on Sunday!"
CHORUS OF EDITORS.—"Not this Sunday—some other Sunday!"





THE MODERN DOLL.



Mary had a little doll,
(There 's nothing strange in that,)
Its wool was white, like other dolls',
Its little nose was flat.
Its cheeks were red as roses are,
Its eyes the kind that shut,
Its dress pinned on—it seemed, in short,
A common dolly—
But—
When round its dainty waist she felt,
And touched a hidden spring,
It warbled, underneath its belt:
"I'm saw-dust when I sing."

HELP FOR MR. PAUL.

Mr. Howard Paul, who is about to publish in a volume a collection of "Smart Things by Bright Children," makes a request through the columns of a morning newspaper for assistance. Says he, "sincerely, if not grammatically":

"If any fond parent among your readers will spare a few moments to jot down a clever or cute saying of their little ones, and will further take the trouble to send them to me, I shall be glad to receive them, and, if possible, insert them in the volume in question."

With a view of assisting Mr. Paul in his efforts to immortalize the wit of the coming generation, Puck takes pleasure in sending to the gifted compiler a few letters from fond parents, which, through their courtesy, it has been enabled to transcribe. They read as follows:

NEW YORK, November 16th, 1885.

Dear Sir:

Our little tot, Millie, just six years and four days old, was sitting at the table this morning with her papa and myself.

"Millie," said her papa, noticing that the dear child appeared to be waiting for something: "what do you want?"

"More bread," replied the child.

"More what?" asked the father, expecting that, of course, she would say, "More bread, I thank you," as she had been taught.

"More bread," said Millie, without a smile.

Her father pardoned her want of manners on account of her wit.

MRS. SHALLOWPATE.

HOBOKEN, November 17th, 1885.

Mr. Paul.—Dear Sir:

We have the sweetest little cherub in the world. She was just four years old on the fourteenth day of last March. The other evening little Flossie—that is our darling's name—put her chubby hands behind her back, and lisped to me:

"Mama, which hand will 'oo take?"

I smiled at her, and said, "I'll take that one," indicating the left hand. Then she held both hands in front of her, and what do you suppose?

There was nothing in either of them. The little tot was deceiving me. Don't you think that is cute?

Very truly,

MRS. GUSSIE TODDLES.

SMITHTOWN, L. I., November 20th, 1885.

Dear Mr. Howard Paul:

Sammy is my oldest boy. He was seven a few weeks ago. Sammy goes to school in our village, and the teacher says he is the brightest boy she ever saw. That is a good deal for a teacher to say, *isn't it?* Last Monday my husband called Sammy to him.

"You are studying real hard, ain't you, Sammy?" said he.

"Yes, sir," said my son.

"Are you learning much arithmetic?"

"Yes, sir."

"You ought to know a great deal now."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Sammy, can you tell me how much a bushel of oats would cost, at two cents a pint?"

"Oh," replied the youngster: "come off de roof!"

Now, I think that was real cute. So does Mr. Smith, and I hope you will use it in your book.

MRS. FANNIE SMITH.

MOUNT VERNON, N. Y., November 23rd, 1885.

Mr. Paul:

Our darling Susy is not quite three years, three months old. She has the sweetest blue eyes you ever saw. Last week Susy was sitting on the floor surrounded by her playthings.

"Mama," said she, looking up at me—I was sewing by the table, as I always do in the afternoon—"what is heaven?"

"Heaven," I said: "is where the good people go when they die."

"Will I go there?" she asked.

"I hope so, my dear," I said.

"Well," said she, after a long pause: "then I suppose I shall have two pieces of pie every day for dinner?"

"Why?" I asked, amused at her inquiry.

"Because I always have two pieces of pie for dinner when I'm good."

We think that was very funny, and so will you when you consider what a little girl she is.

MRS. JOHN JONES.

NO. 00 BROADWAY, November 22nd, 1885.

H. Paul, Esq.—Dear Sir:

Your adv. in the *Whirled* duly read, and I reply herewith. Our son James, aged six years, four months and two days, was in my house, No. 10,000 Madison Avenue, last week, getting ready for school. He was shouting loudly, and I reproved him.

"James," said I: "what sort of voice do you call that—a wheelbarrow tone or a bass?"

"Neither, dad," he replied: "it's an invoice."

I expect to see this in your book. Inclosed please find sight draft on Nat. Com. Bank for \$8.75 (eight dollars and seventy-five cents), in payment for the same.

Very truly yours,

JAMES P. DOBBINS.

A DELICATE LITTLE girl, just returned from a farm, where she had been sent to spend the summer for her health, said:

"The pump out there gives milk."

"It does?" asked her mother.

"Yes, I saw the farmer pump into a can, and I looked in it and saw nothing but milk."

ALWAYS A FIZZLE—Opening a Bottle of Soda.

A RECIPE FOR PUMPKIN-PIES.

A subscriber writes to his favorite journal, asking how to make the same kind of pumpkin-pies that were made when he was a boy, and eaten on Thanksgiving Day. We regret to chill his desire for knowledge, but it is our duty to do so. They can't be made. They don't grow the same kind of pumpkins now. The sun never shines down on the old corn-field the same way it did thirty odd years ago.

There has come some sort of change over the climate that scientists all recognize, and that bears a polysyllabic name that he wouldn't understand any better than we do. If he doesn't believe it, let him walk out, some summer afternoon, between the towering rows of nodding corn-stalks, and note the difference. It is hotter than it used to be, and not half so invigorating. Then, the soil has changed, too. It sticks to his boots in a way that was unknown to his bare feet in those days of the very long ago. The pumpkins are still there, we suppose. Market-reports and the columns of country newspapers still chronicle their growth and the enormous sizes they attain, as of yore; but the flavor! That has gone as irretrievably as the mud-pies which used to turn their brown sides up to the sun when all of us were young. The pumpkins of the present day are squash-like in taste, thin, watery, and unsatisfactory. The crust of the pie is hard, soggy and indigestible.

The flour and the ovens are changed, too. And, although this is an age of progress, the art of pie-making has not kept up with its fellow-arts in the march of improvement. Perhaps this is owing to the introduction of the stove, and the abolition of the old-fashioned brick oven. There was something about those old brick ovens that gave the pie-crust a flakiness and tenderness which is noticeable in modern pies principally by its absence.

No, the old-fashioned pumpkin-pie has passed away. It belongs to a bygone age. In its place we have machine-made pies, put up by the gross and carted around in wagons. The only way for our knowledge-thirsting friend to taste again these viands of the past is for him to seat himself beside his grate, some cool Fall evening, light his pipe, close his eyes, and dream of the old farm-house among the hills and the Thanksgiving dinner of his boyhood, when his grandmother presided over the table, and the pumpkin-pie came on in a tin dish, square at the corners, and deep enough to hold ten dozen of the pie-plates of the present day. This may not satisfy his hunger and sustain life, but it is the only way that the man of the present can ever hope to taste the pumpkin-pie of the boy of the past generation.

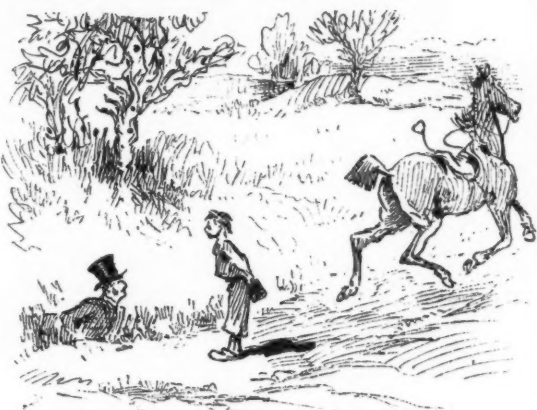
B. N.

A LITTLE ALLEGORY—



PORTRAYING TEMPTATION LEADING CONCEIT.

A NATURAL INFERENCE.



FALLEN MEADOW-BROOK HUNTER (to Small Rustic).—
 "Hi, Johnny, have you seen the hunt anywhere?"
 S. R.—"Whatcher huntin'—hosses?"—Exchange.

YANKEE ENTERPRISE.

There was recently sold at public auction in this city the gold watch which John André wore when he was arrested on Mr. Cyrus W. Field's farm. A reporter of Puck, who happened to attend the sale, was very much interested in the matter, owing to the fact that he is a large stock-holder in a close corporation which manufactures just such articles for the use of collectors of revolutionary *bric-à-brac*. This André watch was all the more interesting because, unlike the signet-ring that Washington wore when crossing the Delaware, it is, up to date, the only watch that André had on his person when arrested. The future will doubtless show that the British spy carried three in each of his pockets, with several cases full beside; but until it was definitely decided that the defunct officer carried such an article at all, the curiosity-manufacturing company hesitated to put its wares on the market.

The price of the André time-piece, five hundred dollars, shows that there is a peculiar value attaching to such articles, and, as the press representative of the company, the reporter can officially announce to the trade that there will soon be ready a large invoice of watches bearing the name John André, and accompanied by affidavits proving conclusively that André wore them all, and had them in constant use when attending to such business as he had on Mr. Field's premises. These will be sold at a largely reduced rate, and may be had in three styles, viz.: rolled-gold, stem-winding; silver, with blue enamel facing, and a portrait of André's *fiancée* glued on the crystal; and open-faced, key-winding. A nice chain, to go with this article, will be made of silver strands from the first Atlantic cable, and a seal made from the rock of the shattered monument erected by a staunch friend and admirer of the deceased British soldier.

While on this subject, it may be of interest to the reader to look over the statistics of American curiosities, and, by a comparison with those of England, show how much further advanced we are in this particular than the mother country, in spite of our youth.

A carefully compiled table shows that General Washington, when crossing the Delaware, wore fifteen thousand seal-rings on his right hand. Benedict Arnold escaped from the country wearing one hundred and fifty-three pairs of spurs. Thomas Jefferson made sixty-two first drafts of the Declaration of Independence, exclusive of the copy now kept by the people of Philadelphia. There are in existence to-day sixteen hundred programmes which President Lincoln held in his hand when he was shot—

and if they are all genuine, Booth's act was less heinous than is generally supposed; for, if each member of that memorable audience had followed the President's example, the company would have been forced to disband in order to pay the printers.

There are some seventeen hundred houses, three thousand cords of seasoned logs, and a million and a half canes in existence which have been manufactured from the elm-tree under whose spreading branches William Penn and the Indians made their famous treaty. And last, but by no means least, there is enough old mahogany furniture that came over in the *Mayflower* in New England to-day to fill every nook and corner in every ship, large and small, now in existence.

Contrast this spirit of progress with that of England!

The British Crown, to save itself from eternal destruction, could not produce more than two Magna Charters, to-day.

All the diplomacy of the Liberal party could not bring other nations to see that the British Museum possesses more than twenty-five suits of clothes worn by the Princes at the time of their suppression in the Tower; and as for such other curiosities as necklaces of Lady Jane Grey, last autographs of Charles the First, and swords of Oliver Cromwell, their sum total would not equal thirty thousand.

What a pitiful showing!

Englishmen may claim that we have no past; but they must acknowledge, in the light of facts herein set forth, that we have a splendid present and a dazzling future.

SHAK JONES.

PUCK sends this wild, exultant shout

To Yankee, Greek and Scot:

"The German ANNUAL is out,
 The English ANNUAL 's not."

And he would say to all the land:

"One thing you must remember—
 The English ANNUAL on each stand
 Will be in mid-December."

A NEW BANKRUPT LAW.

By WILLIAM McMICAL, Counsellor at Law,
 265 Broadway, New York.

In a concise brief of two pages the author has stated the reasons for a New Bankrupt Law and what its leading provisions should be. Copies of the brief may be obtained without charge upon application by postal card to the above address. 363

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The Publishers of Puck.

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Back Numbers of PUCK, from Vol. VII. upward, if in good condition, will be exchanged for corresponding bound Volumes in

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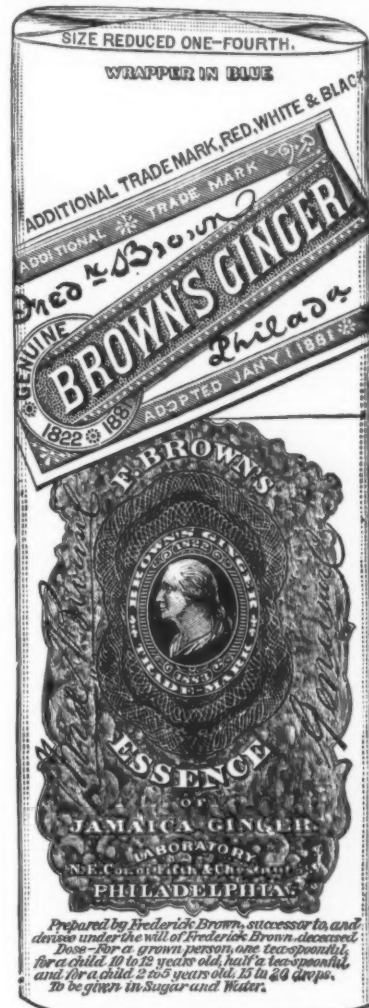
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78 Madison St., Chicago.

Numbers 9, 10, 23, 140 and 163 of the English Puck will be bought at this office at 10 cents per copy.

WESTWARD-HO!

"Oh, where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to Bismarck, sir," she said:
"A town far away in Dakota."

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"There are too many men there now," she said:
"I'm told, for the feminine quota."

"And what will you do there, my pretty maid?"
"Oh, that was settled long since, sir," she said:
"I shall marry a wealthy young farmer."

"Are you going alone there, my pretty maid?"
"There's a couple of thousand behind me," she said:
"But I am the charmingest charmer."

"Oh, why don't you marry here, my pretty maid?"
"Cause no one has asked me to, sir," she said:
"And I am a couple and twenty."

"But why do you hurry so, my pretty maid?"
"Tis a race for a man, you know, sir," she said:
"And I must get there while they're plenty."

—Columbus Dispatch.

A MAN carrying a cross-cut saw and a broad-axe called at the office of a New York daily paper, a few days ago, and applied for a position on the artistic staff. He said he was a lumberman from Wisconsin, had had fifteen years' experience in chopping wood, and he thought he could hack out a few illustrations for the paper which would be a marked improvement over those it had recently published. As strange as it may appear, he was not engaged.—Norristown Herald.

PAPA (soberly).—"That was quite a monstrosity you had in the parlor last evening."

MAUD (nettled).—"Indeed! That must depend upon one's understanding of the term 'monstrosity.'"

PAPA (thoughtfully).—"Well, two heads upon one pair of shoulders, for example."—Binghampton Republican.

She stood at the gate in the late Spring twilight, and when she said good-bye, she felt neuralgia kiss her rosy cheek; but she only smiled, for her mother had invested 25 cents in a bottle of Salvation Oil.

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That sat upon a tree
And warbled from her throbbing throat
Her trifling minstrelsy.
A crouching, creeping Thomas-cat
Gazed at her from below,
But she sang on and paid no heed
Unto her cruel foe.
And nearer crept the Thomas-cat
And then he made a spring—
The hapless bird was in his mouth!
But ceased not yet to sing.
Oh! then chaste music's holy charm
Itself made felt ere long;
The cat released the singer, which
Still chanted its clear song.
Ah, baffled cat! ah, happy bird!
Ah, music's wondrous power!
The bird, though, was a pretty toy,
Which, wound up, sang an hour!

—Boston Post.

SIXTY-THREE of the students of Wesleyan University, Ohio, were severely reprimanded for attending a performance of "Richard III." The faculty of the college, it is inferred, labor under the impression that "Richard III" is a spectacular drama, with a ballet of thirty-three young ladies of assorted ages and no skirts.—*Norristown Herald*.

It is stated that some fellow is about to introduce a dynamite-proof, indestructible monument, for the benefit of Americans who wish to honor English traitors. It is highly probable that one such monument will supply the demand.—*Norristown Herald*.

A YOUNG Indian has applied for admission to West Point, which shows, if he knows anything about the life of that institution, that he has no desire to become civilized.—*Lowell Citizen*.

PRESIDENT SEELYE, of Amherst College, was in Congress, and recalls with pride that his election cost him only five cents. Treated to one beer, we suppose.—*Alta California*.

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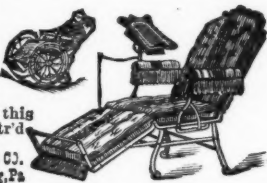
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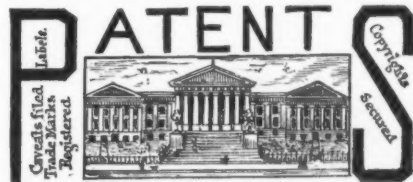
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MR. FROTHINGHAM, of the Boston "Ideals," tells us he is glad we exposed the extravagant methods which characterize the management of that opera organization this year. "Everything," says he: "is so different now from what it used to be. Our own manager, Foster, is a cruel tyrant, as all our company will testify, and he has deprived us of that sweet freedom we used to enjoy when Miss Ober presided over our destinies. His first act was to prohibit the chorus-girls chewing gum on the stage. He said he would much prefer they would smoke cigarettes. His next despot act was to post up a rule forbidding the only games at cards we had been in the habit of playing—'muggins' and 'old maid.' He said they were effeminate, enervating games; that if we insisted on playing anything of the sort, it must be poker, and he would sit in with us. I really believe that if he wasn't under heavy bonds, Barnabee would break his contract; for Barnabee is a super-sensitive fellow, you know, and Foster's cast-iron methods wound him very deeply. Barnabee was the petted darling of the Massachusetts and New Hampshire concert circuit for many years, and until this season had never heard a harsher tone than a flute-note. Oh, yes, 'tis all changed now, and there's not one of us that doesn't pine for the good old days when kind, motherly Miss Ober used to come trotting around, calling us 'dear,' and bringing us little affectionate tokens in the shape of popcorn-balls or wintergreen lozenges."—Chicago News.

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"The soft and sweet eclipse
When soul meets soul on lovers' lips."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

In a recent novel we discover the gentleman villain at one moment "lazily puffing a German pipe and staring up at the ceiling"; on the next page we suddenly find him "throwing away the end of his cigar"; and a few lines farther on he is "lazily puffing at his cigarette and smiling with a superior air." Perhaps it will not be necessary to inform our readers that the novel was written by a woman. —*Lowell Citizen.*

WHILE Keene was playing *Richard III.*, in Little Rock—just as he called for a horse, a man from Washington County said to his companion:

"Come on, Ab, an' le's go."

"Wait a minute, Sam. The clown has called for a hoss, an' I reckon the show's goin' to begin." —*Arkansas Traveler.*

RUSKIN, it is said, won't come to America, because we have no ancient ruins. He should not let a little thing like that deter him. Let him engage an English ballet troupe, and bring his ancient ruins with him. —*Norristown Herald.*

EVANGELIST MOODY has denounced church-fairs because he read that at a recent one they permitted men to kiss the girls at twenty-five cents a kiss. Moody is right. They ought to have charged a dollar. —*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

A JAPANESE Court has just set an example to civilization by fining an editor twenty-seven yen for neglecting to acknowledge the source of extracts clipped from a contemporary. —*Uncredited Clipping in Phila. Chronicle-Herald.*

"I THREW my love to him, and it hath gone astray," sings Lillie Drake in an exchange. Let Lillie be comforted by the reflection that a woman never can fling anything straight. —*Unknown Exchange.*

IMITATION may be the sincerest flattery, as the maxim avers, but don't risk an imitation seal-skin sacque in attempting to flatter your wife at Christmas. It won't work. —*Springfield Union.*

THE wages of sin being death, we can't understand why a lot of people we know don't get paid off at once and have their services stopped. —*Bloomington Eye.*

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